

THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

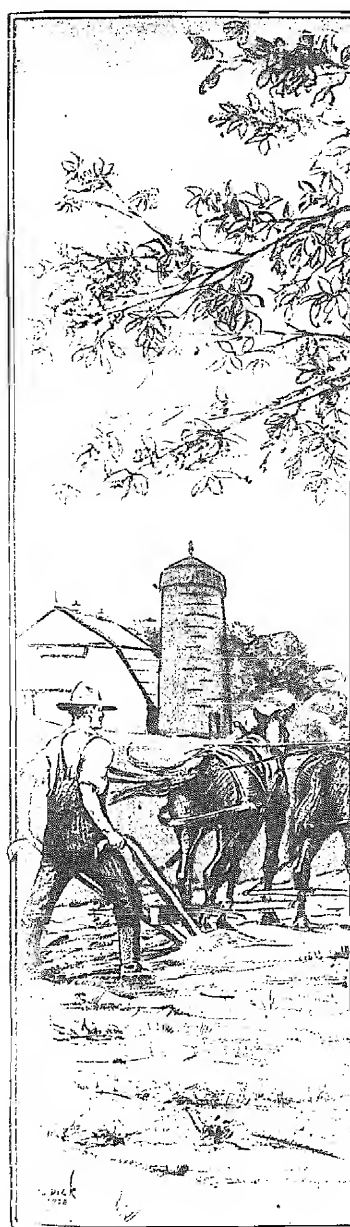
IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner



THE SOWER

“Behold, a sower went forth to sow; and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up.
“Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth: and when the sun was up, they were scorched, and because they had no root, they withered away.
“And some fell among thorns; and the thorns spring up, and choked them.
“But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.
“Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.” - *Matt. 13: 3-9.*

*Acknowledgment —
New York 'War Cry'*

"A SOWER WENT FORTH TO SOW"



Sunday, Numbers 10: 1-13. "Two trumpets of silver." These trumpets were used for guidance and warning as well as for worship. The people had to listen carefully and notice the difference between the various trumpet calls. So today, God speaks to us at different times and in various ways. But we must be quick to hear if we would really know His will for us, and be guided aright from day to day.

Monday, Numbers 10: 29-36. "The cloud of the Lord was upon them."

"Captain of Israel's host, and Guide Of all who seek the Land above, Beneath Thy shadow we abide, The cloud of Thy protecting love. By Thine unerring Spirit led, We shall not in the desert stray; Nor miss our providential way; As far from danger as from fear While Love, Almighty Love is near."

Tuesday, Numbers 11: 1-15. "When the people complained . . . the Lord heard it." Beware of the fretful, grumbling habit, lest it grow upon you as it did upon the Israelites. They thought they were complaining against Moses, who was doing his best for them all the time and faring no better than they. But God Himself heard their complaints and was displeased. He notices how we take the daily irritations and difficulties of life.

Wednesday, Numbers 11: 16-33. "They shall bear the burden . . . with thee." When Moses was discouraged that he longed to die, God came to his relief in a most unexpected way. He provided him with seventy helpers, filled with the Spirit, and like-minded with him. They understood and would share his cares and anxieties, so that however trying the people might be, Moses could rely on practical human sympathy. "Who is a pitying God like Thee, And who has grace so rich and free?"

Thursday, Numbers 12: 1-16. "The man Moses was very meek." The man Moses was very meek. We remember how hasty-tempered Moses was when he killed the Egyptian. But his forty years lonely shepherding in the wilderness, and quiet communing with God, had taught him more than all the wisdom learnt in Egypt. Now he was able to be silent under great provocation, and to let God fight for him. Are you quick tempered, and do you say hard, cruel things when angry? Let God do for you what He did for Moses.

Friday, Numbers 13: 17-33. "Let us go up at once." That was their opportunity—if they had only taken it, victory was sure. But they refused and lost their chance for ever. A little later they changed their minds and wanted to go up to the Promised Land, but it was too late. "Now is the accepted time," and what can be done today may be impossible tomorrow.

Saturday, Numbers 14: 1-10. "The Lord is with us! Fear them not." God's power was as great then as it was forty years later when He made the walls of Jericho fall before the Children of Israel. The power was the same, but it was hindered by the people's disobedience and want of faith.

"In God's whole armour strong, Face him the embattled powers, The warfare may be fierce and long, The victory must be ours."

If I were asked what is the remedy for the deepest sorrows of the human heart—what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life as the power to sustain him under trials and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions—I would point him to something which, in a well-known hymn is called, "The old, old story"; told in an old, old book, and taught with an old, old teaching which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind—"The old, old story of Jesus and His love."—Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

HOW THE CAMPAIGN WAS PUT OVER AT BRANDON

BRANDON, the famous Wheat City of Manitoba, always to the fore in any good enterprise, has added another crown to its laurels!

Recently the Commissioner made a visit to this virile city for the very pleasurable purpose of conveying The Army's best thanks to the Citizens Committee which undertook the responsibility of putting on a drive for funds to purchase the present Children's Home, including the erecting of a new wing. Our Leader did this in his usual eloquent manner, stating at the same time in his address, that the amount raised was proportionately the largest per population in Manitoba subscribed in any similar campaign put on by The Organization in the Canada West Territory.

It is now seven years since a splendid committee of citizens headed by Mr. J. S. Wilmet, a prominent local business man, took an active part in the opening

doubled and trebled and brought forth a hundred-fold. At least this was our impression on beholding the chubby, well-fed, rosy-cheeked group of Young Folks who romp happily in the nursery or play with carefree abandon in the grounds.

When Major Drake, as the Commissioner's representative, interviewed Mr. McKenzie with a view to enlisting his services regarding the raising of funds for the new extension, our genial friend at once saw the need and placed himself at The Army's disposal. With his ability, influence and characteristic enthusiasm, he entered into the spirit of the enterprise with a zeal that made him a pace setter and an objective-getter.

Sincerity and solidity has ever been the corner-stone policy of Mr. McKenzie's seed business, and it is not to be surprised at that these qualities were manifested in the Campaign. Added to this, his organizing abilities and tire-



J. C. Riddell, Campaign Chairman; W. A. McKenzie, Vice-Chairman and A. R. McDiarmid, Treasurer.

less personal efforts as Vice-Chairman of the Committee, indeed braved to bring the scheme to a successful conclusion.

We must make mention of some of the leading workers in the Campaign, although our warmest thanks are due to every one of our Brandon friends and supporters who did so nobly and well.

Mr. J. C. Riddell, manager of The Canadian Bank of Commerce, acted as Campaign Chairman and made an able leader. His influence with service clubs, the Board of Trade, and other organizations, together with his practical interest in worthy objects, gave splendid assurance of the best support possible from the business men.

And so we say, "Soldiers! Fight on, splendid! This is in honour of you and worthy of a 'no more' cry as in your youth. And to the workers, praise

the Officers and campaign workers who splendidly contributed to the success of the drive. A number of representatives have been named and are now working for the work of the campaign.

And so we say, "Soldiers! Fight on, splendid! This is in honour of you and worthy of a 'no more' cry as in your youth. And to the workers, praise

UPHILL

By Christina Georgina Rossetti
Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end;
Will the day's journey take the whole
long day?
From morn to night, my fiend,
But is there for the night a rest, a sleep?
A roof for when the slow, dark hours
begin,
May not the darkness hide from my
face?
You cannot miss that inn.
Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before,
Then must I knock, or call when just in
sight?
They will not keep you waiting, at that door.
Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sleep,
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.

PEACE IN THE TEMPEST

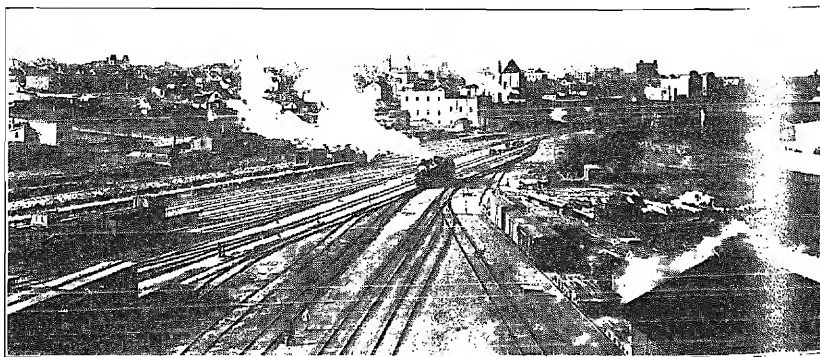
IT is often surprising to see how much pain there may be in the serenity, and yet peace in the depths of the mind. In crossing the Atlantic some years ago, we were overtaken by a gale of wind. Upon the deck the rain and confusion was terrific. The spray from the crests of the waves blew upon the face with almost force enough to blister it. The noise of the waves howling and roaring and leaping was almost deafening. But when I stepped into the cabin, everything was quiet. The mighty engine was moving with a quietness and stillness in striking contrast with the sea without. It reminded me of the peace that can reign in the soul while storms and tempests are howling without. C. J. Finney.

SIN NAILED HIM THERE

The teacher who was giving a blackboard lesson had drawn the cross with the figure of the Saviour upon it, and instructed the little ones to tell in certain things relative to the Crucifixion. One child drew the cross on the board, and another stepped forward to make the nail in the hand, but the child burst into tears and sobbed out that "She could not hurt Jesus so."

It only we realized that our sins and iniquities caused the nails and the spear, we should pause before sinning, and thus crucifying the Lord afresh, and putting Him to an open shame.

Mr. Moody used to say that "Each walked with God, and one day they walked on and on until they came to a heaven. God said to Israel, 'What a good deed never heaven was that day to earth, so we may as well go and they passed it.'"



A view of the city of Brandon from the Canadian Pacific Railway tracks.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army Canada West and Alaska

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Important Announcements

re SELF-DENIAL RESISTANCE

Pressure on our space in connection with the Cadets' Coming weekend, etc., prevents publishing in this issue the final and Territorial Resolutions of the recent Self-Denial Campaign which are already in the signers' hands. In our number, however, we shall give to this interesting information in another announcement but do with the forward march of the Army in Canada West.

Official Gazette

(By authority of the General)

Promotions:

To BE ADJUTANT:

Ensign Fred Bailey, Esq., Ensign Elsie Haynes, Training Officer

To BE CAPTAIN:

Lt. Ruby Steele, Vancouver 7; Lt. Nellie Mills, The Pas; Lt. Florrie Walker, Vermilion; Lt. May Orcheston, Camrose; Lt. Mildred Johnstone, High River; Lt. Emma Fitzpatrick, Weyburn; Lt. Emma McEachern, Cordova; Lt. Olive Redshaw, Fort Rouge; Lt. Helga Hillier, Prince George; Lt. Nora Tait, Cranbrook; Lt. Victor Bishop, Grande Prairie; Lt. Graham Donnelly, Calgary.

APPOINTMENTS:

Condt. Lily Lawson from Furlough

Work

Adjutant and Mrs. Joseph Acton

place 1 to Special Work

Adjutant and Mrs. Matthias J. Calgary 1 in Winnipeg 1

Adjutant and Mrs. John Sharpe 1 in Prince Rupert 2

Adjutant and Mrs. Fred Merrett 1 in Victoria

Adjutant and Mrs. William H. Lebridge in Edmonton 1

Ensign and Mrs. Lamelet Edie from Prince Rupert

To BE MAJOR:

Ensign and Mrs. David Hammond 1 in Victoria

Ensign and Mrs. George Fugelsang 1 in St. James

Ensign and Mrs. Bramwell Foster 1 in Saskatoon 1

Ensign and Mrs. David Rea from Prince Rupert

To BE CAPTAIN:

Ensign and Mrs. Angus McEachern 1 in Vancouver 5

Ensign and Mrs. James Stothart 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Roger Thierstein 1 in Vancouver 3

Ensign and Mrs. Violet Barker, from North 1 in Vancouver Grace Hospital

Ensign and Mrs. C. Otis Edwards 1 in Prince Albert

Ensign and Mrs. Kenneth King 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Harry Johnson 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Lawrence Blue 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Robert Midgley 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Jesse Hind 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. J. Fraser 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Arthur Col 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Gardner 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Irene Daneshuk 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Martha Stal from Cordova 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Kate Pickering from Vancouver 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Margaret Stratton from Lebridge 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Violet Eby from San R 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Annie Williamson from Lebridge 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Rose White from Dauphin 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Frances Houghton from Lebridge 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Millicent Little from Lebridge 1 in Lebridge

Ensign and Mrs. Alice Weeks from Kerro 1 in Lebridge

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"Journeys According to the Commandment of the Lord."

(Exodus 17:1)

A very brief account of the Journeys and Warfare of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson.

time the two stood talking about Mrs. Booth and The Army.

"Would you come in?" said Mrs. Dickerson to the Captain, "my husband is very sick and I would like you to pray with him."

The Captain gladly entered the house to pray with the sick man. Before he left he had arranged to return and hold a Meeting in the house for his special benefit. At that memorable Meeting Mrs. Dickerson gave her heart to God, and at the next Meeting her husband professed conversion. A month later he went home to be with God, leaving a line testimony behind that all was well.

IT SEEMS but yesterday, although it is four years since, that we read in "The War Cry" of the coming of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson to Canada West; and it seems but little longer than that since we knew them in those days, with a jollity of spirit which carried them over many of their difficulties. How quickly the years go by, and what a splendid opportunity The Army service gives us of renewing and making re-making our acquaintances. What a list of comrades and friends we shall have by the time our warfare ceases.

As they say in Farewell Meetings, "Now the time has come to say Good-bye," or as the Sergt.-Major says, "Our time is up for standing here," and so the Dickersons are on the move once more - this time off to Newfoundland - land of Salvation stories and tradition. By the time they have ceased their warfare, their diary - if they keep one - will look like a study in geography.

Nearly forty years have elapsed since young George Dickerson first came into close personal contact with The Salvation Army. At that time he resided with his parents in a small Lancashire village not far from Banbury Bridge. One day the Officer from the Corps at that town, a certain Captain Busby, came to the village selling "War Crys". He knocked at the door of the Dickersons' home and George's mother went to see who was there.

"Will you buy a 'War Cry' please?" said the Captain. "It contains an account of the death of Mrs. Booth."

Now Mrs. Dickerson had heard about the wonderful work of General and Mrs. Booth and she was interested. For a

appalled the girl and it was some time before she felt able to write home again, but at length she did so, with no seeming result, however. Twenty-eight years passed away before she was able to go home to see her parents. When she knocked at the cottage door, her father, then an old white-haired man, clasped her in his arms and with tears in his eyes begged her forgiveness, adding "if I had my life to live over again I'd join The Army myself." What a happy sequel after years of faithful service to God.

Unfitted they commanded a number of Corps in the north of England with good success. At Gainsboro their last appointment in the Old Country, a wonderful Revival broke out during which four hundred people, including many drunkards, gamblers, jail-birds, and all sorts of desperate characters were gloriously saved.

In the midst of this work they received a telegram asking if they would go to foreign service. Their answer was "Any-where for Jesus." Three months later they were on their way to South Africa.

Glorious season of soul-saving

Cape Town I was their first appointment in the new land, and here they had a glorious season of soul saving during the eight months they remained. Then came orders for Johannesburg. The change from what they had been experiencing in England and Cape Town was so great that for a time their faith wavered. There was no Hall, few Soldiers, and humbly speaking, very little prospect of carrying on Army work.

But they realized that they had been sent there to make an Army where one did not exist and not to build on another's foundations. The opportunity was before them and they rose to it. The story of their struggle is too long to tell in detail. They rented a store at an exorbitant rent, selected money for chairs, advertised the opening Meeting, got the Territorial Commander to preside and had the place gorged. This was the beginning of a splendid work and during the three years of their stay hundreds of souls were saved; a line Corps was built up and a Band was formed.

Following these episodes of success in Corps work, there came a call to Staff work, and in various appointments of command and rising importance they continued their labors in South Africa, passing through some exciting experiences in

connection therewith, as one might imagine.

Then after nineteen years in the Union came a call to another move on, and so leaving behind them two of their family, that in itself no small sacrifice, the people of such strong parental faith, they marched forward for Canada West.

It was no small compensation, however, that in connection with this change of appointment they had an opportunity of meeting many old comrades in England, and that Mrs. Dickerson had the joy of the reconciliation with her father.

Our comrade's first appointment in Canada West - indeed his only appointment - was that of Secretary for Men's Social affairs and Special Efforts. It can easily be imagined that the work in these connections has been of an exciting character, and called for all the exercise of the Colonel's gentleness and Christian diplomacy. How well he has succeeded in the eyes of his leaders is evidenced by the fact that two years since he received his advancement to the rank of Lt.-Colonel, and that now he is advanced to the important position of Sub-Territorial Commander for Newfoundland.

The Comrade Officers throughout Canada West wish for him all salvation joy and grace in his new work; his "thens" and "appellants" of the Men's Social Work will think of him with gratitude many of them will remember him as the man who pointed them a way to a better and holier life. Mrs. Dickerson will be missed among us, but we all will agree to think that in the sphere to which she is moving there will be unnumerable opportunities for her, as for the Colonel, in the direction of that which is still the chief end of their lives - the salvation of souls.



dictory prayer commended our comrade and his family to God's favor and mercy.

LT.-COLONEL DICKERSON Farewell Sunday at Regina Jail and Citadel

A MESSAGE from Regina as Lt.-Colonel Dickerson leaves for Newfoundland on Sunday at Regina Jail and Citadel. The Sunday night Meeting at the Citadel was a time of remembrance and farewell. Ensign Gascoigne, a well-known figure in Army circles, was a Cadet at Cheltenham at the time of the day, and naturally much of old-time joy in a happy term of four years. The day finished with one of those Wind-up episodes which are so common at Regina, when six souls at the Seat made a joyous finish.

"THESE FORTY YEARS"

The Commissioner conducts the Farewell of Brigadier Allen in the Winnipeg Citadel

work. Commandant Lawson - a splendid specimen of a retired Officer himself - in his bluff and hearty way, thanked the Brigadier for conferring many kindnesses upon him. Brigadier Merrett, an intimate comrade, was warm in his praise of the Brigadier's character and recalled former associations in Ontario, Calgary and Vancouver. Adjutant Acton, on behalf of the Citadel Corps, bid our comrade's two daughters, Kaye and Laura, Godspeed and thanked the former for her untiring efforts with the Life-Saving Guards.

It was unfortunate that Lt.-Colonel Dickerson, the Men's Social Secretary, with whom the Brigadier had worked so closely during the past three years, should be on his own farewell tour but Mrs. Dickerson deputized for him admirably. She spoke of the Brigadier's capacity for hard work, his willingness to perform even the most menial tasks and referred to him as "A downright good sort."

An Eloquent Tribute

Perhaps the most eloquent tribute to the Brigadier's worth, during the evening, was paid by Brother Wade of the Men's Social Corps. This worthy comrade told in simple but graphic language how he had been liberated from the chains of strong drink when listening to the Social Open-

Air. Brigadier Allen had proved a friend in need; he was aided over a difficult period and now, in full Army uniform, rejoiced in the experience of Salvation.

On behalf of the Chief Secretary, Mrs. Colonel Miller - whom we were glad to welcome back to the city - spoke a few words. She thanked the comrades for their interest and prayers during the time of the Colonel's operation and related incidents concerning the Brigadier when stationed at Cape Breton, thirty years ago.

Stirring Farewell Message

On being introduced by the Commissioner, the Brigadier was warmly greeted by the audience, whereupon our comrade gave a stirring farewell message. Looking back over the forty-three years since the time when he gave his heart to God he visualized for us the glories of early-day fighting. Singing hosts, mighty conflicts, magnificent captures and drunkards' raids went by in quick succession. Storm and sunshine alternated until we came up again to the present day.

Summing up, the Brigadier selected his Social years as being among the sweetest and best of his life. "I'd rather be a Social Officer than anything else," he declared with spirit.

A verse of "O God, our Help," was sung in conclusion and Mrs. Rich in a bene-

A FESTIVAL

THE COVENANT DAY

It always seems to us that Spiritual Days are much too private to be discussed in the open pages of "The War Cry," especially when one remembers how sacred they are to the young lives for whom they are such events; and also for the older Officers who may be privileged to attend. More particularly is this so when it comes to the first Spiritual Day of the Session, that which has come to be known as "Covenant Day."

We imagine there are very few Officers of this Territory who do not look back with joy to such Days, and, we say it solemnly, there may be some who read these lines who look back with exceeding regret on the way things have gone with them since they forsook the Covenants they made in similar gatherings.

But it behoves us to put on record some of the solemn gladness of the first Covenant Day in the new Garrison Buildings. Of course the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich were with us, and gave out of the fulness of their experience; if their hearers could only have stored up half of what they said to them, theirs would be a wonderful treasury.

Mrs. Major Hubbert, a gentle persuasive speaker; Adjutant Acton, brimful of sage and experimental advice; Mrs. Lt.-Col. Dickerson, dramatically reminiscent; Brigadier Allen - on the eve of retirement, but still full of fire; all these were on the list of speakers. Brigadier Carter and the Garrison Officers added their quota of leadership and blessing, and completed the circle - Is that the way to put it? - of comradeship which had been enfolding us all day.

All through the day the Commissioner had been more than father-like in his insistence upon the pledges which The Army asks of us; not of willing pledges, nor promises into which we need enter in a blind-folded manner, but in the pure streaming light of the Holy Ghost. The Covenants with God and our Leaders were presented in no uncertain manner, and none of that alert, intelligent, young company who ever say that they were not faithfully explained - and he it said to their exceeding credit - as faithfully assumed.

Of the closing scene of the Day we will say little; rather would we that the picture of it shall be within our own minds; but the tale and the appealing faces, the desperately determined attitude of all concerned will be with us for many a day. And no less does the song of that final event still ring in our ears -

"I cannot leave the dear old Flag,
There's better far to die."

A FESTIVAL OF PRAISE Saturday Night

It is a far, far cry back to those days in the world's history when the Prophet of Israel paused in his wonderment, and said, "Who is this that cometh with divers garments?" It is a long, long time ago since it was first announced that "The War Cry" was to be published, a long, long time ago, readers of ours, but never one all down the ages has the cry ceased nor has there been any stay in the wonderful appeal of His blood-red garments and of His eternal love.

We know are the ways in which He presents Himself; wondrous are the words in which He speaks to us; wondrous are the names and glorious aims; the banquets of His love. He came wondrously into our midst during the Cadets' Commissioning week. We heard Him in the old songs; we heard Him in the new songs and melodies; we saw Him in those lives, "Young, strong and free."

There are some of the misuses which have been made of the old songs; and we thank God that occasionally we look away from our surroundings, to see Him who is our Saviour; that we can shut our ears for a moment or two to the noises of the world and hear Him.

We think it were possible for our readers to see Him and hear Him as we have been doing during these days. What a Holy

A FESTIVAL OF CONSECRATION

THE COVENANT DAY

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"I cannot leave the dear old flag,
There's better far to die."

A FESTIVAL OF PRAISE

Saturday Night

It is a far, far cry back to those days in the world's history when the trumpet of Israel paused in its wonderment, and said, "Who is this that cometh with dyed garments?" It is a long, long time ago since it was first announced that, "He was bruised for our iniquities," a long, long time ago, readers of ours, but new, new all down the ages has the cry come—nor has there been any stay in His appeal—the wonderful appeal of His blood-red garments and of His tender voice.

We do not see the ways in which He presents Himself; wondrous are the words in which He speaks to us; spontaneous are His sayings and goings among the haunts of men. He came wondrously into our midst during the Cadets' Commissioning week-end. We heard Him in the old songs; we saw Him in the new songs and melodies; we saw Him in those lives, "Young, strong and free."

There are some of the musings which came to us on Saturday night amidst the glow and gladness of the Winnipeg Convention. We thank God that occasionally we look away from our surroundings to see Him Who is our Saviour; that we can shut our ears for a moment or two to the noises of the world and hear His voice.

We ask it were possible for our readers to see Him and hear Him as we have been doing during these days. What a Holy

THE COMMISSIONER and MRS. RICH

Conduct Great Weekend of Farewell Demonstrations of "The Victors" Training Session in The Winnipeg Rink

time it has been for the Cadets. What a time of fulfilled ambitions and answered prayers for those parents who have travelled hundreds of miles to be present with them. What a time, too, it has been for those absent ones who have been just as fervently with us. All have seen Him and heard Him, most surely.

Still He is with His people, and with us. Still He is the Man of the dyed garments. His visage marred more than that of any other. Still He is the One who said that, "He would give us rest to our souls." The message still is the same. "He was bruised for our iniquities—by His stripes we are healed." Glorious message for our three-blessed messengers.

As we entered upon our Saturday night Festival of Praise, which was the forerunner in our greater Festival of Consecration, we stood to sing—

"Praise Him all creatures here below."

It was fitting that we should do so. It was the theme which was running through all the length of the long programme. It was there every time the Citadel Band played, or when the Y.P. Band essayed their pieces, and when the Cadets trumpeted it forth. It was—

We have been reading over these notes, and maybe some will agree with us that they are not a very descriptive account of the Meeting; we may have strained the parable too far. But let it stay as written: "The fairest tale of earth has never equalled this—"

"He was wounded for our transgressions—bruised for our iniquities."

The chastisement of our peace was upon Him—

By His stripes we are healed."

A FESTIVAL OF HOLINESS

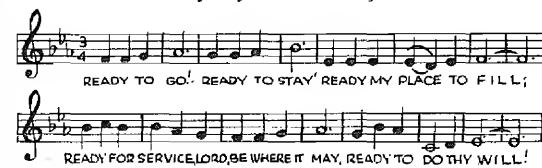
Sunday Morning

It was with no small degree of anticipation that we made our way to the spacious rink again on Sunday morning. The bright, genial sunshine and melodiously lifted air lifted our spirits and the sight of the Training Garrison Cadets on the march along Portage Avenue gave us that thrill of pride which is always pardonable in a Salvationist.

Soon, we reflected, these virile young men and women of earnest countenance and eager step would be marching along the highways and byways of the Territory to reinforce the ranks of our Officers

A Covenant-Day Chorus

By Adjutant T. Mundy



this Praise song—in the vocal efforts, whether unaided or solo. It was in the occasional joyful rapture of the crowd, and certainly it was in the restrained happiness of those on the platform. A song of Praise because of those dyed garments and those healing stripes.

We will not stay to individualize on the programme, for there was as much in it that appealed to our Army sense, just as there was much that touched our spiritual emotions and stirred us reminiscently. If we were to begin to set it all down we should go far beyond the bounds we have set ourselves. Suffice it to say that the Cadets and their Officers were all alive to their parts of the evening; that the Citadel's Bands and Songsters maintained their usual high standard, and that the Commissioner's leadership of the whole was a delight to those who had come along to this opening Public Event.

By the courtesy of "CKY" and "CJGN," the Meeting had been broadcast over the prairies, and for all we know, up into the Rockies, and so we rejoiced that not only the visible audience was taking its share of blessing and enjoyment, but that a greater crowd was with us, and that they too had the opportunity of hearing those wonderful words of the Prophet, "He was bruised for our iniquities."

If any strain of criticism did intervene in the thoughts which mostly filled our minds during the two hours of the programme, it was that the Cadets' "Call to Service" presentations did not come on earlier in the evening; they were so reminding of the joys and rewards of thorough-hearted service. But it was the time for the "preparation for the Sabbath" and so we left the rink, but not without the sound of His call loud in our ears, not without thought of His mercy in our minds, and not without—thank God—of the vision of the Prophet gazing in glad wonderment on Him Who came for our Salvation.

worldly sense of security and the deep, sweet peace of God's love.

Our souls were blessed also during the morning by the various vocal and musical items rendered. The Citadel Songsters helped us with the old favorite, "At Thy feet I bow adoring"; the Band's interpretation of "The Good Shepherd" selection was inspiring and the Cadets united singing of "Soldiers of Christ Arise" to a rare old tune, invited the congregation to make the matters ring with the martial air: "Tread all the powers of darkness down, And win the well fought day."

The Training Principal led us in the Prayer-Meeting and Brigadier Taylor offered the closing benediction.—P.

A FESTIVAL OF MELODY

Sunday Afternoon

A surfeit of good things awaited us in the afternoon at the conclusion of the several Open-Air engagements participated in by comrades and Cadets alike. The rink rang for a lively period of music and song and thereby an excellent start was made. Especially did we enjoy the rendering of the lulling choros, led by the Commissioner.

"Faith triumphant in the darkest night,
Faith triumphant when the hardest fight,
Faith triumphant makes the burden light;
Give me a faith triumphant."

This was sung (with variations, duets, etc.), by different sections of the platform and audience, and not the least doughty of the efforts made was when the men-comrades puckered their lips and gaily whistled the sprightly and well known tune to which the chorus is so admirably set.

We were now ready for anything and everybody. At our Leader's invitation, Envoy Smith (Regina) set the ball a-rolling with a breezy testimony. Our comrade was proud of the fact that his youngest daughter was a Cadet, and declared that if he had fifty children they should all become Salvation Army Officers!

Another speaker, also the father of a Cadet, to speak, was our esteemed comrade, Envoy Hunt, of Sunny Valley fame. The Envoy, who had brought his family in for the weekend, gave a hearty speech in which he related some of his experiences as a Salvationist in rural Canada.

As may be remembered, under the leadership of our comrade, the Sunny Valley forces built their own Hall and handed the title deeds over to The Army; a rural Corps is now well established, which gives promise of sending in other Candidates. The Envoy's own son (his Isaac), he called him being the first.

An item in the Envoy's speech which drew forth a volley of applause from the audience was the interesting fact that since the opening of the Sunny Valley Corps, Sunday baseball, dance parties, horse races and other worldly sports had died a natural death in the neighborhood.

Young People's Sergeant Major Jones, all the way from Medicine Hat, Alberta, was called upon for a few words and incidentally was asked by the Commissioner to represent the absent parents of the Cadets. Our comrade also spoke highly of the "products of the Gas City," to whom he was commissioned by his Corps comrades to convey greetings, and wished for them a useful and blessed future.

Captain Townsend, Regina (another son of the soil) concluded the list of visiting delegates to speak and this worthy comrade told of his joy at beholding his daughter ready to receive her appointment for service.

The afternoon's programme was certainly a packed one and it is with some difficulty we find space to record every particular. A unique contribution—or rather set of contributions—was made by the Garrison musical forces, when the Cadets, in their respective Divisions and led by one of their own members, rendered spirited vocal selections.

Thus did the Cadets from distant B.C., led by Cadet Fitch, give us, "Who is on the Lord's side?" The Alberta forces, under Cadet Murray, "The Great Review"; the Saskatchewan representatives, under Cadet Pickles, "Marching on for God and Right"; and Manitoba, under Cadet Gibson, "A Sparkling Crown." The Citadel Band and Songsters also treated us to inspiring selections.

(Continued on page 8)

connection therewith, as one might imagine.

Then after nineteen years in the Union came a call to another move on and so leaving behind them two of their family, that in itself no small sacrifice to people of such strong parental feeling, they marched forward for Canada West.

It was no small compensation, however, that in connection with this change of appointment they had an opportunity of meeting many old comrades in England, and that Mrs. Dickerson had the joy of the reconciliation with her father.

Our comrade's first appointment in Canada West—indeed his only appointment—was that of Secretary for Men's Social Affairs and Special Efforts. It can easily be imagined that the work in these connections has been of an exciting character, and called for all the exercise of the Colonel's geniality and Christian diplomacy. How well he has succeeded in the eyes of his leaders is evidenced by the fact that two years since he received his advancement to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and that now he is advanced to the important position of Sub-Territorial Commander for Newfoundland.

His Comrade Officers throughout Canada West wish for him all Salvation joy and grace in his new work; his "dear" and "appellants" of the Men's Social Work will think of him with gratitude many of them will remember him as the man who pointed them a way to a better and holier life. Mrs. Dickerson will be missed amongst us, but we all rejoice to think that in the sphere to which she is moving there will be innumerable opportunities for her, as for the Colonel, in the direction of that which is still the chief end of their lives—the salvation of souls.



LT.-COLONEL DICKERSON
Farewell Sunday at Regina Jail and Citadel

A MESSAGE from Regina tells us that Lt.-Colonel Dickerson's farewell Meetings in the City of Regina have been seasons of a wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Commandant Bente is our correspondent, and he tells that certainly much good must result from the Sunday morning Meeting at the Regina Provincial Jail, when out of a number of men present, there were twenty-two who raised their hands in reply to the Colonel's message, and that of them were in tears as his flight proceeded.

The Sunday night Meeting at the Citadel was a time of remembrance and farewells. Envoy Gascoigne, a well-known figure in Army circles, was the leader of the day, and naturally there was much of old-time joy in a parting association. Commandant Bente, in a happy term of four years' association with the Colonel in his work as Social Department, while Adjutant, said a few words on behalf of the Corps.

The day finished with one of those Wind-up episodes which are so common at Regina, when six souls at the mercy Seat made a joyous finish.

MONDAY AFTERNOON The Festival of Dedication

THE Dedication Service, conducted by the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich on Monday afternoon, was a graciously inspiring and solemnly impressive event. We are certain that the occasion was one never to be forgotten by the fifty-one young men and women who thus publicly took upon themselves the vows of consecration.

Appropriate indeed was the opening song, lined out by the Training Principal, and we noticed that it was with fervency of spirit that our comrades soon to become Officers, sang the stirring lines:

*"And while He leads with flashing sword
We'll fight the battles of the Lord."*

What a thought to fire the imagination and to inspire the soul to resolute action! Mrs. Brigadier Carter and Brigadier Merrett led us in turn to the Throne of Grace and the hush of prayer filled our hearts. The Cadets then sang strongly, but not without deep feeling, "Blessed Lamb of Calvary," a helpful prelude to the Scripture portion from the first chapter of Jeremiah, selected by the Chief Secretary and read by Brigadier Taylor.

Scenes from the life of the Saviour in inspiring word-pictures were portrayed by Mrs. Commissioner Rich in her Bible address. Once again we heard the solemn words, *"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me,"* and visualized the inner secret of the soul-winner's success.

"I Am With You Always"

Definite testimonies to God's saving and sanctifying powers were given by Cadets Billyard and Beck and these items were followed by selections by the Garrison Band and Male Quintette. All of which fitted in well with the nature of the gathering.

Prior to the delivery of the dedicatory address the Commissioner called upon the Training Principal to speak. The Brigadier briefly reviewed the past nine months and urged the Cadets to uphold the high ideals and standards of the Training Garrison. It was, he said, with the utmost confidence that he handed his charges over to the Commissioner for service in the Territory. As a concluding word he gave them the glorious promise of Christ, *"Lo, I am with you always."*

The Commissioner's address was full of inspiring counsel. Taking the age-long example of Paul's commissioning, so vividly recorded in Acts 26, our Leader charged the group of stalwart young people before him to avoid all that would detract from the great and noble purpose of their high calling. "Let your message be with no uncertain sound," he said as he bid them rise to their feet.

In the Name of the General

We cannot adequately describe the hallowed feelings of those next moments. There was the beautiful singing of the Sessional Chorus, *"When they come seeking Thee,"* the repeating of the consecration vows, the dedicatory prayer of Mrs. Colonel Miller. And lastly, the crowning moment of the afternoon, when our Leader, in the name of the General, declared them to be Commissioned Officers of the world-wide Salvation Army.

It was a momentous epoch in the lives of these young people and there remained only one more event to bring the day to a peak-high climax—the Commissioning.—P.

MONDAY NIGHT

The Festival of Consecration

We were well in tune with the spirit of joy and praise and thanksgiving which hovered over the Winnipeg Rink, for was it not Commissioning Night? That night of nights to "The Victors" who have lived among us, and have been so much a part of Army life in Winnipeg ever since last October.

Because of their ardent, dare-anything Salvationism they have gained a high place in our affections, and right happily we joined in this "Festival of Consecration," for such, beneath all the gaiety and rejoicing of Commissioning, we knew it was going to be for these Young People.

As we sat and watched the crowds surging into the rink—such a crowd as we have never seen there before—we

thought of the path "The Victors" had trod to bring them to this night. We thought of the long ways behind them; over the seas some of them had come, come to make a name for themselves in a new land; well, they have their heart's desire, their name is "The Victors." Over the prairies and across the mountains, from office desks, from the farm ploughs, from counting houses, from home duties—a noble company, and so we thought as we heard the distant tramp, tramp of their oncoming.

Even as we thought, there broke upon our reverie the triumphant strains of their Sessional Chorus, *"Make way, make way for the Victors,"* and with a swing and lift compelled thereto by the martial music of the Citadel Band, they were upon us. Banners waving, faces all aglowing with the light of their high resolve they came—"The Victors!"

Young women sweet of face, gracious and kindly; young men, the very embodiment of Christian young manliness; all alike Salvationists in the best sense of the word, bearing across them the beautiful Army flag-sashes, they took their places at the Altar of Consecration.

The opening song went with a swing, *"We are marching on
With shield and banner bright,"* and all the time, indeed through the whole length of the evening, we heard the echo of those marching feet.

Mrs. Colonel Miller's prayer was motherly and tender, and we felt a responsive tug at our heart strings as she prayed they might "fight a good fight, and war a good warfare." Then the seriousness of the event came over us again as the young Officers sang their Covenant Vow, a which many a hundred throughout that vast crowd joined:

*"When they come seeking
Thee, Lord,
When they come seeking Thee;
Help me to show Thee,
So they may know Thee,
When they come seeking
Thee."*

In true Army fashion our feet tapped the floor, and our hearts beat quicker when the St. James' Band added its quota to the evening's inspiration, and our feelings almost had the better of us when the Singing Company sang of The Army Flag. We have heard that Company so often, and have enjoyed its tuneful melodies and harmonies again and again, but this last song touched us more than all. "I love the Flag," they reiterated, and we repeated the phrase over to ourselves, as one is apt to do with something that touches one's heart closely. Thank God we were born under that Flag.

Mrs. Rich's Bible-reading was applicable; carrying with it a message just as cheerful and just as joyful to "The Victors" as to those old-time Jews, who, longing for the Messiah, heard with gladness the utterances of the Prophet as his voice rang out, "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me." Wonderful promises, wonderful future, and so the words went on, "Ye shall be named the priests of the Lord; men shall call you the ministers of our God." What a commission for "The Victors!"

Brigadier Carter, the Training Principal, proud man was he, read his Sessional Report, always an interesting item on such nights. As on previous occasions it was packed full of information, but our thoughts could not be kept in check—no strange thing—and behind the facts and figures and dates we seem to sense many a story; tales which would have brought tears to our eyes; and tales which would have caused smiles to chase those very tears. We thought of the prayers which wrapped so many of our Young Host in when they were dedicated to God and The Army service; we thought of the devoted Local Officers who tended them and led them in the youthful way; we thought of the Officers who strengthened the weak converts, and had made of them strong Soldiers of the King of Kings.

But our thoughts could not stay—the meeting was sweeping us on. There came another Victory song, and we all stood to our feet, the thousands of us, and sang as in the old days, and as we shall sing for many a year to come:

*"No retreating,
Hell defeating—
Thro' the Blood of Christ my Saviour."
What an outburst of song it was; this is the Victory we said, the only Victory of which we desire to know. And the*

A FESTIVAL OF CONSECRATION

The Solemn Dedication and Victory Commissioning of "The Victors"

Thanks be to God who giveth us thee through our Lord Jesus Christ. (1 Cor. 1.)

The War Song "The Victors"

By Pro-Lieutenant Hillary

We have heard the battle cry
To the Victors;
And have come to live and die
As true Victors.
We are bound to win
Victory over sin.
Tho' the arm of flesh may fail,
We'll be Victors;
Christ our Captain shall prevail,
We'll be Victors.

CHORUS:

We'll be Victors—we'll be Victors,
We have taken up the sword,
Jesus Christ He is our Captain,
And we follow at His word.
We'll be Victors, truly Victors,
And proclaim till all have heard,
He has died from sin to save them;
We'll be Victors all the way.

That has cleansed our hearts from sin,
Made us Victors,
We mean to work for Him
And be Victors.
His will we know—to the fight we go;
Fighting in the Saviour's might,
We'll be Victors,
The host of Hell to flight,
Yes—we'll be Victors.

In the fight he hard and long;
We'll be Victors;
At last will swell the song
Of the Victors.
Others we'll have blest—souls in East
and West.
My lands will bless the day
That the Victors
stand their stand and joined the fray,
As the Victors.

"Wave offering" took part!

Void of the swiftness of the item was the song Party, but our silence came over sang with the soul.

"Except I and moved the Commence; his terse gratitude to Sing others concerned genial warmth to

The Citadel Band of Praise," was a but beautiful as such a thrill then later when the "Victors' Song" b

To see those y and alert, so full see them stand, thro' of it posse

"Though the a We'll be Christ our Ca We'll be

The fact that responsible for words thrilled; one must be the



Canada West
The Victor Season 1927-1928

Thanks be to God who giveth us this through our Lord Jesus Christ. (1 Cor. 15:57)

Canada West The Victor Season 1927-1928

Among many congratulatory messages received at the Garrison on Commissioning Day were telegrams from the New York and Toronto Garrisons, one from Regina I, and also from Lieutenants Bert and Wesley Rich of the British Territory.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(Continued from page 3)

Captain Grace Eby from Elmwood to Penitence.
 Captain Florence Tucker from The Pas to Elmwood.
 Captain Mary Smith from Vermilion to Egan.
 Captain Gladys Johnson from Warman to The Pas.
 Captain Ethel Langford from High River to Wetaskiwin.
 Captain Eva McKay from Innisfail to High River.
 Captain Mac Young from Wetaskiwin to Prince Rupert.
 Captain Mac Taylor from Chilliwack to Vancouver.
 Captain Beatrice Newbury from Kamloops to Tool.
 Captain Nellie Mills from The Pas to Kerrobert.
 Captain Florie Walker from Vermilion to Humboldt.
 Captain May Oreherton from Canmore to Innisfail.
 Captain Mildred Johnsrude from High River to Red Deer.
 Captain Emma Fitzpatrick from Wetaskiwin to Edson.
 Captain Emma McEachern from Condoval to Prince George.
 Captain Sadie Stevenson from Medicine Hat to Regina D.H.Q.
 Captain Elsie Stunell from Furlough to Edmonton D.H.Q.
 Captain Henrietta Lyons from Prince George to Winnipeg Grace Hospital.
 Captain Olive Redman from Fort Rouge to Killdun Industrial Home.
 Captain Hebe Hillier from Prince George to Calgary Children's Home.
 Captain Nora Tait from Cranbrook to Calgary Grace Hospital.
 Captain Wilkie Wiseman from Rossland to Northern Sask. Charlot., in charge.
 Captain Norman Buckley from Vernon to Fernie.
 Captain Hector Nyvered from Weston to Manitoba Charlot., in charge.
 Captain William O'Donnell from Maple Creek to Southern Sask. Charlot., in charge.
 Captain Hester from Rossland to Shumavon.
 Captain James Martin from Shumavon to Assiniboia.
 Captain Hranuie from Climax Creek to Maple Creek.
 Captain John Reeves from Humboldt to Roblin.
 Captain Norman Ennis from Lloydminster to Swan River.
 Captain Charles Watt from Calgary 3 to Edmonton 2.
 Captain Bruce Leisher from Edson to Macleod.
 Captain Nicholas Belovitch from Lacombe to Calgary 3.
 Captain Travis Wagner from Macleod to Alberta Charlot.
 Captain Ralph Webster from Red Deer to Lloydminster.
 Captain Graham Dennelly from Calgary 2 to Coleman.
 Captain Victor Bishop from Grande Prairie to Canmore.
 Captain Nellie Ames from Kamloops to Vancouver 6.
 Captain Florence Cook from Vancouver 4 to Chilliwack.
 Captain Grace Ferguson from Chilliwack to Trail.
 Captain Myrtle Redman from Delta to Victoria.
 Captain Daisy Stokker from Elmwood to Victoria.
 Captain Phoebe Henderson from Dauphin to Winnipeg.
 Captain Kathryn Loewen from Furlough to The Pas.
 Captain Margaret Carie from Kerrobert to Baggin.
 Captain Gail Howden from Swan River to Regina.
 Captain Ruby Bell from Warman to Saskatoon 2.
 Captain Margaret Tippard from Edmonton 2 to Regina.
 Captain Gertrude Bradley from Kamloops to Vancouver Grace Hospital.
 Captain Peter Morrison from Innisfail to Prince Rupert.
 Captain Lilian Parr from Vernon to Kamloops.
 Captain Henry Nielson from Shumavon to Chinook Creek, in charge.
 Captain Robert Ennis from Humboldt to Grande Prairie.
 Captain Percy Townson from Lloydminster to Northern Sask. Charlot., in charge.
 Captain Maurice Thierstein from Edson to Macleod.
 Captain Jonas Anderson from Lacombe to Calgary 3.
 Captain Henry Mack from Vernon to Fernie.
 Captain Lorne Durn from Furlough to Canmore.
 Captain Leonard Joyce to Northern Saskatchewan Charlot.

PROMOTION AND APPOINTMENT—

TO BE CAPTAIN:

Cadet-Sergeant John Wilson, Kamloops, B.C.
 Cadet-Sergeant George Raine, Kerrobert, Ont.
 Cadet-Sergeant Arthur Cartmell, Kelowna, B.C.

TO BE PRO-CAPTAIN:

Cadet Rose Townsend, Winnipeg 4 (Open Ave.)
 Cadet Eva Duxbury, Calgary Grace Hospital.
 Cadet Doris Pickles, Winnipeg Grace Hospital.
 Cadet Ernest Fitch, Neepawa, Man.

TO BE PRO-LIEUTENANT:

Cadet Harriet Austin, Winnipeg Grace Hospital.
 Cadet Muriel Balfour, Red Deer, Alta.
 Cadet Florence Balfour, Vancouver Grace Hospital.

Cadet Edith Bingham, Vermilion, Alta.
 Cadet Ruby Carr, Edmonton 7.
 Cadet Vera Clark, Special Work.
 Cadet Louise Dorin, Vancouver Grace Hospital.
 Cadet Daisy Forbes, Penitence, B.C.
 Cadet Louise Fowler, Rossland, B.C.
 Cadet Gladys Gordon, Fort Rouge (Wpg. 9).
 Cadet Nellie Hume, Humboldt, Sask.
 Cadet Minnie Hill, Special Work.
 Cadet Elizabeth Hunter, Kerrobert, B.C.
 Cadet Olive Kinvis, Wetaskiwin, Alta.
 Cadet Elsie Litzenberger, Peterborough, Alaska.
 Cadet Sadie May, Cranbrook, B.C.
 Cadet Elsie McQuinn, Winnipeg Grace Hospital.
 Cadet Dorcas Macleod, Edmond (Wpg. 7).
 Cadet Isabel Moses, Nelson, B.C.
 Cadet Jean Munro, Prince George, B.C.
 Cadet Elizabeth Murdoch, Kerrobert, Sask.
 Cadet Elsie Murray, Kamloops, B.C.
 Cadet Anna Ouel, The Training Garrison.
 Cadet Elsie Smith, Innisfail, Alta.
 Cadet Rhonda Stunell, Winnipeg Grace Hospital.
 Cadet Gladys Venn, Weston (Wpg. 6).

A FESTIVAL OF CONSECRATION

(Continued from page 5)

Then as the speakers came the Garrison comrades; Sergeant Raine told us how from "a respectable" sinner he became a "fighting soldier"; Cadet Dunsen in his quest for souls the attractions of the world grow dim; Cadet Battick gave an interesting account of her call to the Colors.

Cadet Kinvis gave the concluding Bible address for the afternoon and we listened with profit to the many ways in which God answers the prayers of His people.—P.

THE FESTIVAL OF SALVATION

Sunday Night

When we were coming down from our Quarters to the night Meeting, which we have already described to ourselves as a Festival of Salvation, we passed the Cadets en route for the same event. They were singing right heartily:

"I'll be true, I'll be true,
 True to my colors, the Yellow, Red, and Blue."

"I'll be true, I'll be true,
 True to my colors and The Army."

And, as usual, away went our thoughts; right over the years, and across the seas, and we were once more a Cadet, marching through old London's streets, singing with vim and determination—

"I'll be true, I'll be true,
 True to my colors and The Army."

There are some songs and sentiments that survive the years, and erase the marks of time and make us all kith and kin, and all young again.

It was a goodly crowd which filed into the Winnipeg rink on Sunday night, reaching away towards the screen at the rear of the hall, and we were glad, for we just wanted the Cadets to have such a sight to carry away to the lonely fastnesses towards which some of them were even now speeding. God be with them!

The first song helped us—

"If you larry 'til you're better,
 You will never come at all."

for it was a warning note, just as there crept into the prayers of Staff-Captain Steele and Adjutant Davies the thought that there were those with us who needed to be warned of the dangers of delay in the matter of their souls' salvation. A joyfully experimental note, too, was in the song which the Cadets sang unitedly, with a clearness of enunciation which made the message of it so plain to all their hearers.

"Say, do you wonder why always I sing,
 He is mine."

The youthfully joyous note was so very apparent in the various Cadet speakers' addresses. There was a tone of triumphant salvation in all of them, especially may we be allowed to say it—when they foretold their conversions and their notes, and got away from the rail and declaimed the truths which so visibly possessed them. It would be invidious to mention any particular speaker for they all blessed us—Cadet Muriel Avey and Cadet Gladys Venn and Sergt. Joan Wilson, who gave us a very little speech. Cadet Arthur Allan was up to parental

mark, and so was Cadet Jack Nelson, who—but we are making no distinctions.

The singing of other items impressed us more than we have room to say. The earnestness of "Eternity" rendered by the Male Quintette from the Garrison; the sweetness of the accompanied solo, "To pardon a rebel like me," by the Citadel Songsters; and the almost vocal eloquence of the Citadel Band in their reminiscent selection of "A Mother's Prayers." Just as the last echoing of "Where is my boy tonight?" rang down the hall, we were hushed into prayer for the final address, with the men Cadets singing a supporting appeal—"Come with thy sin." Then as we said, the wonderful invitation of Jesus Christ, so simply outlined by Cadet Nelson—"Come unto me—and ye shall find rest to your souls." What a night of Salvation Music it was—if one only had ears to hear.

The Commissioner had been in charge all through—his skilful wedding of all parts of the Meeting into one component whole had been an object lesson to those on the platform—but there came a great gust of blessing to our own soul when he took the Meeting from the hands of the Cadet, and so woefully added his appeal to that of his junior. The young graduate and the Leader of The Army, all with the same message, and not a sign of a deviation in the outlining of it—"Ye shall find rest"—what a unifying charm there is about the appeal of our Lord.

It seemed so perfectly fitting—if it be not thought an intrusion on a most sacred moment—that the first to respond to that appeal should be a young fellow; so strong and well-minded he looked— who stepped up from the back seats of the hall, and all unaided, save by the Holy Spirit, came boldly to the Place of Peace, as Brigadier Carter called it.

After that there was a pause, a long pause, only filled in by the persistent wooing of the Commissioner's voice, and the softly sung devotion songs we waited, and we believed, here and there the "fishers" did their duty and then slowly but surely the Mercy-Seat filled up, until we rejoiced to know that it had become a Place of Rest and of Peace. There were grave struggles going on—fathers and brothers were kneeling there; youths and girls—and their elders found a way to let go their sins. And still the singing went on, the wooing persisted. Many of our earlier congregation had left the hall; there had been some with us who were obviously new to our ways; some had stayed; some did stay right into the end. That end was about 10.30, and when the Cadets marched back again up Portage to their "aged old Garrison" as they are already calling it, there was a bit in their footsteps, and a ring about their music and song which floated away over the house-tops and reached the bedrooms of retiring citizens, making all the city-side aware with the music of those who had found "rest to their souls."

The last Sunday of "The Victors" Session had been a great day—one of the best we have experienced since our coming to this part of The Army.—J.

THE KILLSNOO DISASTER

We are exceedingly glad to say that the damage done during the recent fire at Killisnoo, Alaska, was not quite as widespread as reported in a recent issue. It was quite serious enough, however, to cause considerable distress among the little population, and to our own Solidarity.

Although, as we are now happy to learn, The Army Hall was saved, forty-seven houses were burned to the ground, including that of our Sergt.-Major and several other Army comrades. The Russian Church and the Government Schools were also destroyed.

Adjutant and Mrs. Quick lost their Quarters with all furnishings, including personal clothing and about one hundred dollars' worth of possessions which they were hoping to sell to tourists during the summer for local benefit. The Corps books, the Adjutant's much valued Bible, and other items of a like nature were also lost.

The Juneau Chapter of the "Red Cross Society" came quickly to the assistance of the distressed inhabitants, following

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



Daniel can go on the Chariot

St. Al Styremup Maroons
 Winnipeg,
 June 28th, 1928

Dear Mr. Editor:

If you do not get much of a column from me this week you must put it down to my dear wife, and the fact that she has allowed our apartments to be flooded with visitors, Cadets' relatives and others, who have come to stay with us over the Commissioning. I am not complaining, although it has made a lot of extra work for me—I had to stay in on Sunday afternoon to get over it—for, of course, everybody likes to get to a Commissioning—especially when their boy or girl is on the list.

It's been a great day or two, don't you think? I am sorry your visitors didn't hear one or two sermons from the Commissioner, but I thought it was just splendid of him to stand aside and let the youngsters have a "try out." They all did well, didn't they?—especially the boys. (I do wish you'd get that idea out of your head—it was the girls who did the best.) Never mind, Mr. Editor, that's only Dorcas's prejudice.

Wasn't it just lovely when they came marching into the Winnipeg rink—singing that "Victory" chorus? Oh, boy! I just wanted to stand up and shout. I should have done so only we were so wedged in. I was afraid I should never get my seat again. There was one fat old party sitting next but one to me, with plenty of room for three, but would she move—I should say she just would not. Some people are so selfish!

Just as I was getting into the same of the Meeting, I had a sudden thought strike me. It was when Brigadier Carter was saying how many thousands of "Crosses" the Cadets have sold during the Session—and I thought—"Who gets all these customers?" You haven't answered that yet, my friend. (Why not ring up 726 and enquire for yourself?) I had a little Dorcas's impudence to suggest a thing like that.

Dear Erroy Domore:

It is my duty to inform you that I do not think advisable for you to do your regular duty on the Divisional Council, although your representations on the matter have been considered. I am sorry, however, if you can arrange to be absent for an occasional week, it will be a great help to you. Of course, the chances of your being called on to do so are few. I am sure.

Yours faithfully,
 Directional Committee

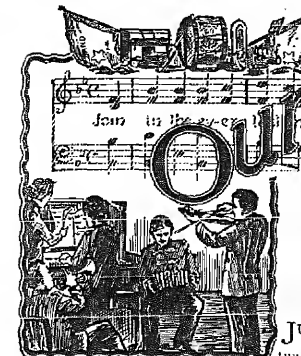
So that's that. I shall be able to give you a nice report, or two I hope, all depends upon the distance, of course. Do you think you will be able to do any time?

Yours under the Colors,
 Daniel Domore, Editor

speedily on the financial assistance of our Commissioner granted from the funds. There is still need for help, and the Commissioner will be glad to hear from interested friends.

A lady was making a collection, and held out the bag to a rich man, who rudely, "I have nothing."

"Then take something, sir," replied the lady. "I am collecting for the poor."



SAVED BY THE ARMY SONG BOOK

Lost in the bush, they climbed a tree and began to sing; the hunter heard them and "delivered them out of their distresses"

A report reaches us from Eagan, Minnesota, West Africa, that at Akai, where Teacher Amos is in charge, four men recently burnt their jujus and have become Salvationists. This is one sign of many of God's presence at the various centres. "We are pleased to report victory at Eagan," says the account mentioned, "both at the Centre and at the Societies."

The visit of the Territorial Commander, Colonel Souther, proved a source of inspiration and help to us all. The new Local Officers here are doing exceptionally well and the first Meeting conducted by them was most helpful. The Open-Air Meetings at the beach are well attended and are greatly appreciated by the large crowds that gather.

We have just opened a Society at Red Hat Lake, Egan, and our comrades there have already greeted their own Hall. Captain Cole speaks in high terms of the attitude of the people towards The Army and its work.

At Oudo our comrades are standing true and getting into uniform, and the work among the Young People is making good headway.

On a recent Sunday morning Directory Class, the children were asked to bring someone with them to the Meeting on the following Sunday. One boy brought his elder brother, and he, having found salvation, called upon a friend and invited him to come. The friend did so and was converted.

Our Song Books are being bought in a marvellous manner. Salvationists here carry their books with them wherever they go.

Quite recently two comrades missed their way in the bush, and did not know which way to go. In their dilemma they climbed a tree, took out their Song Books and began to sing at the top of their voice. "I'm a Soldier bound for glory," with the chorus, "I love Jesus, Hallelujah," singing the chorus over and over again; they then shouted for joy.

A man who was hunting a long way off, heard the strains and wondering what it all meant, drew near. They told him of their trouble and he was able to direct them on the right way. The Song Book thus was the means of helping them out of their difficulty.

There was a little misunderstanding of fact in the mind of a child of whom we have heard, who had listened to the reading of the grim story of Ananias and Sapphira, and was then asked by her teacher why they were punished so severely. She thought a minute, and then replied: "Please, teacher, because they weren't so used to lying in those days."

There was sheer guesswork, but there was a wisdom behind the speech of little Sapphira, who was riding on a rocking-horse with her sister Margaret, and as he remarked: "If one of us would get on I could ride better!" Whether the hint was taken we are not informed.

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AT Styrenup Mon-ang
Winnipeg,
June 28th, 1928

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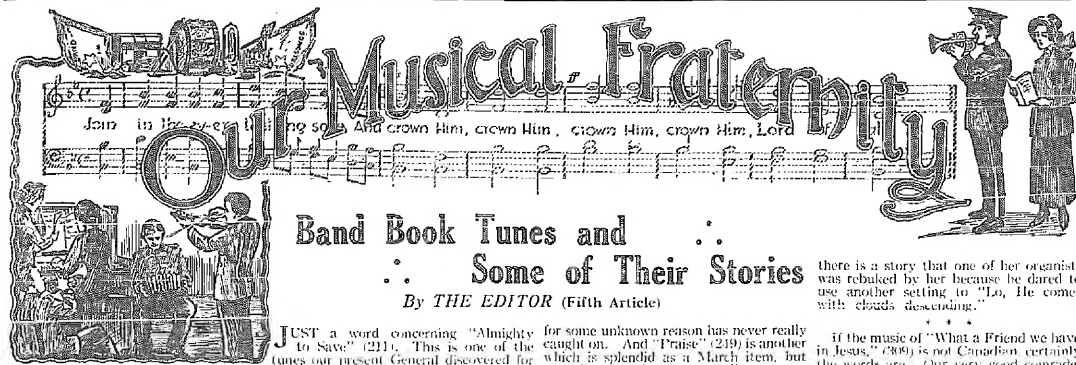
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Band Book Tunes and Some of Their Stories

By THE EDITOR (Fifth Article)

SAVED BY THE ARMY SONG BOOK

Lost in the bush, they climbed a tree and began to sing; the hunter heard them and delivered them out of their distresses."

A report reaches us from Ekwanga, Nigeria, West Africa, that at Akai where Teacher Amos is in charge, four men recently burnt their Jojos and have become Salvationists. This is one sign of many of God's presence at the various centres. "We are pleased to report victory at Ekwanga," says the account mentioned, "both at the Centre and at the Societies."

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A man who was hunting a long way off, heard the strains and wondering what it all meant, drew near. They told him of their trouble and he was able to direct them to the right way. The Song Book thus was the means of helping them out of their difficulty.

There was a little misunderstanding of fact in the mind of a child of whom we have heard, who had listened to the reading of the grain story of Amos and Song Book, and was then asked by her teacher why they were punished so severely. She thought a minute, and then said: "Please, teacher, because they weren't so used to lying in those days."

There was sheer guesswork, but there was knowledge behind the speech of little Mary, who was riding on a rocking horse with her sister Margaret, and at last remarked: "If one of us would get on I could ride better!" Whether the first hint was taken we are not informed.

JUST a word concerning "Almighty to Save" (211). This is one of the tunes our present General discovered for The Army, and did not know where he found it. It may have been a secular air, but we have never heard any people other than ourselves sing it. It always gives us a feeling of immovability, too, when we see in some religious hymnals the words of the General's song given an appropriate authorship.

"Sagina" (218) is a real old Yorkshire tune, dating from the year 1825. It was originally published in a collection of tunes entitled "The Bouquet," all of which were named after some botanical term. What town is there where The Army Flag flies that has not heard us sing:

"We chiefs tell us, my soul was free,
I love, and I love, and I love thee."

Every Army musician will be aware that "Creation" (220) is a hymn from Haydn's oratorio of that name; the chorals, "The bowmen are telling," supplying the main idea. We surely are in good company in these adaptations.

In "Better World" (226) splendid Army Overseas song and a wonderful song of our childhood, we have an adaptation of a Greek national air, while "What's the News" (228), and "We're travelling home" (229) are just Rainer tunes, pure and simple. In "Zedley" (230) we have a charming Army air composed by Mrs. L. Colonel Zedley of the British Territory.

When "Tucker" (234) first saw the light in the Army, it was suggested as an old title, and, if we remember aright, it was also used as a C.M. However, that is long ago as Army history goes, and always will be associated with its composer, Christopher R. Bond-Tucker, who has given us so many happy melodies.

Now we are coming amongst some real Army tunes. "Take all my sins away" (212), written by our General's eldest sister, Mrs. Joseph Clibborn, "Jesus is good to me" (216) an Army melody from New Zealand.

"Come on my partners" (218), a tune which the Founder Association tried to make popular amongst us, but which

for some unknown reason has never really caught on. And "Praise" (219) is another which is splendid as a March item, but exceedingly trying as a small congregation tune. It is popular, nevertheless, and is the glory of the basses, "for have they not a whole line to themselves, and then a long subject to A, while the other parts accompany the melody on its way to top F sharp?" or at least that was so in its original arrangement.

Everybody among us knows that "Governors" (233) is from the pen of Colonel Gwynne, who entered The Army service in Holland, and has fulfilled his Officership in almost innumerable lands. It is a gracious tune, and we have often envied our comrade the authorship.

"Silver Threads" (281), stands forward unblushingly as a former song tune - "Darling, I am growing older," but it is a melody of extraordinary freshness. It is cheek by jowl with other former secular tunes. Of "Glory to the Bleeding Lamb" (287) we remember a great story.

Hodgson Casson was an old-time Methodist preacher, and a converted heathen; they did not then associate fiddles with hymnology. He was in a certain town and could not get to sleep because of a dance which was going on in another part of the town where he was staying. Unable to endure the noise, he left his room and made his way to the dance saloon, took the fiddle from the hands of the astonished musician, and calling upon the dancers to halt in their whirling, he struck up, singing to the tune to which they had been dancing a few measures before.

"My Saviour suffered on the Tree,
Glory to the Bleeding Lamb."

While the dancing had been going on, with its constantly recurring tune, he had arrived at the set of words which we sing in The Army today. It is said that he did not cease his singing and preaching in that room until he had had all the dancers on their knees, and some of them converted.

"Helmley" (290) is another old-time church tune. It was written by Thomas Olivers, a drunken Welshman, who was converted under the Wesleyes. It first appeared about the year 1741. It was a great favorite of Queen Victoria, and

there is a story that one of her organists was rebuked by her because he dared to use another setting to "Lo, He comes with clouds descending."

If the music of "What a Friend we have in Jesus," (209) is not Canadian certainly the words are. Our very good comrade, Emory Hawley, of Calgary, has gathered a considerable amount of data concerning the writer of the hymn—Joseph Scriven, of Port Hope, Ont. The music is by Charles Converse, who was a personal friend of Scriven. It first appeared in the Sankey collection about the year 1877, and is still one of the best popular songs we have—words and music.

"Speak, Saviour, speak" (315) we believe, was originally "Sleep, dearest sleep," and has become popular amongst us by reason of Mr. Herbert Booth's sacred words.

Where shall we finish this article? Of the composer of "Hosanna" (304), Giardini, it is said that when a young man he was told to introduce some of his own compositions into the services of others for the sake of discipline. One evening he did this in the presence of the author of the piece. His rival waited until Giardini had finished his extempore, when he promptly gave him a sound box on the ear. Would that some of our Bandmasters could do likewise.

Read with us this extract from "The Army Drum," by Mrs. Beardsley: "Two years this singing phlegm (Bandmaster Fry) went about The Army, and then God called him. I heard one of his songs sung once by a girl who was herself near death, consumption and left unburied, her pure, magnificent voice, and down the crowded hall it went these thrilling words, to that old Scots tune—'Robin Adair' (371).

"God gave His Son for me,
Oh, wonderful love."

The singer's great eyes looked beyond us all, an unearthly light shined from their dark depths, and almost as really for the girl who sang the words as for the men who wrote them, they seemed true:

"Be His abounding grace,
Oh, wonderful love,
Soon I shall see His face,
Oh, wonderful love,
Join those who've gone before,
Sorrow and pain all o'er,
Heaven, Heaven, for evermore,
Oh, wonderful love."

THE BAND OF "THE VICTORS" SESSION

Reading left to right, back row:
Eric Beck;
Baron Dummerston;
Stanley Baine;
Archie Duke;
Jack Schout;
Stanley Mondham;
Ernest Fitch;
Jack Munford;
Frank Ross;
William Gibson;
Arthur Albert;
Nelson Weir
(Bandmaster)
Beindier
John Merrett;
Arthur Cartmell;
Edward Brunsdon;
Sherman Hunt.





At Sandy Hook Camp

Such a happy and appreciative crowd they are at Sandy Hook Camp! The mothers enjoying the quiet and restfulness after months spent in the city; the little children dancing in the sunshine of open fields after the crowded streets and alleys of New York. The days are flying only too quickly for them.

On Friday the campers gathered and attentively listened to a meeting conducted by Commandant Carroll, assisted by the Camp Staff.

Sunday was a great day for the children and the presence of Lieutenant Sims meant added pleasure for the little tots. The Sunday morning Meeting was presided over by the Commandant and the Colonel distributed Gospels to each of the children and also to their parents. In the afternoon Captain Grey, assisted by three Corps Cadets, conducted a Meeting which was well attended, and enjoyed by all.

Drumheller (Adjutant Reader and Captain McDowell). Our weekend Meetings were good, despite the wretched weather. In place of the regular Sunday morning Open-Air Meeting, a service of music was held outside the house of a sick friend. Much blessing resulted in the ensuing Holiness Meeting. In the Salvation Meeting, after a hard-fought Prayer-Meeting, one soul surrendered. Others were under deep conviction, and we are praying for them. G.L.T.

A Companion Tune Index

Showing the Number and First Line of the Songs of The Army of the Lord, or tunes, in the New Band Book compiled by H. M. Carroll, Bandmaster Will Carroll, Winnipeg, Canada.

N.B.—Fresh settings and new tunes are marked thus: *

Song	Number	First Line
200 I heard the voice	81	200 I heard the voice
201 Now I can read	82	201 Now I can read
202 Soldiers, I and you	83	202 Soldiers, I and you
203 Jesus came down	84	203 Jesus came down
204 Jesus are the days	85	204 Jesus are the days
205 Now I have found a	86	205 Now I have found a
206 Some people, I know	87	206 Some people, I know
207 I'm a soldier bound	88	207 I'm a soldier bound
208 Oh, I was lost	89	208 Oh, I was lost
209 Oh, I was lost	90	209 Oh, I was lost
210 Oh, I was lost	91	210 Oh, I was lost
211 Oh, I was lost	92	211 Oh, I was lost
212 Oh, I was lost	93	212 Oh, I was lost
213 Oh, I was lost	94	213 Oh, I was lost
214 Oh, I was lost	95	214 Oh, I was lost
215 Oh, I was lost	96	215 Oh, I was lost
216 Oh, I was lost	97	216 Oh, I was lost
217 Oh, I was lost	98	217 Oh, I was lost
218 Oh, I was lost	99	218 Oh, I was lost
219 Oh, I was lost	100	219 Oh, I was lost
220 Oh, I was lost	101	220 Oh, I was lost
221 Oh, I was lost	102	221 Oh, I was lost
222 Oh, I was lost	103	222 Oh, I was lost
223 Oh, I was lost	104	223 Oh, I was lost
224 Oh, I was lost	105	224 Oh, I was lost
225 Oh, I was lost	106	225 Oh, I was lost
226 Oh, I was lost	107	226 Oh, I was lost
227 Oh, I was lost	108	227 Oh, I was lost
228 Oh, I was lost	109	228 Oh, I was lost
229 Oh, I was lost	110	229 Oh, I was lost
230 Oh, I was lost	111	230 Oh, I was lost
231 Oh, I was lost	112	231 Oh, I was lost
232 Oh, I was lost	113	232 Oh, I was lost
233 Oh, I was lost	114	233 Oh, I was lost
234 Oh, I was lost	115	234 Oh, I was lost
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313 Oh, I was lost	194	313 Oh, I was lost
314 Oh, I was lost	195	314 Oh, I was lost
315 Oh, I was lost	196	315 Oh, I was lost
316 Oh, I was lost	197	316 Oh, I was lost
317 Oh, I was lost	198	317 Oh, I was lost
318 Oh, I was lost	199	318 Oh, I was lost
319 Oh, I was lost	200	319 Oh, I was lost

A FEW THAT ARE WORTHY

By ENVOY C. W. WAGGONER

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Captain Alan Bristow, the new Officer for The Salvation Army Corps at Sardis, arrives at the town early in the morning with his wife, and in her arms, plays on the station platform that God was richly blessing their coming to Sardis. To them a little later at the Hall comes one of the Soldiers of the Corps, Mrs. Denny, who with much kind-hearted chatter, greets and enlightens them on matters pertaining to the Corps, telling them especially of a backslider, Helen Grinnell, in deep trouble. When her father turns her out of her home they take her in, and make arrangements for her entry into The Army Maternity Hospital in a nearby city. There are growing rumors of an impending strike in Sardis. The Captain and his wife are discussing these rumors one evening when their cases to them a policeman, Officer O'Donnell, who seeks their help in trying to locate his son, Danny O'Donnell, who has disappeared from his home five months before and has not been heard from since. Helen comes back to them, having been converted while in the hospital. She seems very happy with them, and loves her little boy dearly. The manufacturers and workmen fail to reach an agreement, and a strike is called. To make matters worse winter settles in early, and there is much consequent distress in the town, particularly in an industrial district which goes by the name of "London Bridge." Captain Bristow is much bothered in regard to relief measures.

Chapter V AN APPOINTMENT

TO MAKE matters worse, an epidemic of scarlet fever broke out in the "London Bridge" section, adding much sickness to the poverty. The Captain and his wife, with the faithful workers of the Corps, were nearly beside themselves, but three of the leading doctors of Sardis came to the harassed Captain's aid and promised to treat free of charge every case of sickness the Captain O.K'd. This helped out much, but in spite of all the outside help, both the Captain and his wife were very hard worked during these days. There are people living in Sardis who yet talk of the winter of that strike. Cold weather came early, and lasted unbrokenly after it came. For the first time in seven years the river froze over.

The biting cold added to the problems that the Salvationists had to face, for the poor were seen appealing for coal, and the slender finances of the sturdy little band forbade the buying of coal for them. It took all the money they could get together to buy the very necessary groceries. They put special appeals in the papers for cash-off clothing for the poor, and some of the Soldiers gathered this in for them. Mrs. Lachlin and Mrs. Denny came for three or four hours every day to distribute this clothing among the needy who came in a constant stream to receive it. It seemed to many that everything was being done that could be done to alleviate the suffering occasioned by the strike, and yet Captain Bristow was not wholly satisfied.

Wonderful how the money holds out

He spoke of this one night as he sat with his wife after a long and hard day. "I wish there was some way that we could do more for the people," he said, with a note of sadness in his voice. "There are so many calls I have to turn away from, and it hurts me." "I know dear," returned his wife gently, "but I don't see how we can do any more than we are doing with the finances we have. I sometimes think now that the Lord is doing with our stores what He did with the cruse of oil and the barrel of meal. It is wonderful how the money holds out, and that we can have so many as we do. And you know, dear, that we have only been taking half salary since the strike started that we might have more for the relief fund."

"I know all that," he acknowledged with a heavy sigh. He was very tired and showed it. "But there are many things that ought to be done that we can't do until you know the need is really great. I would like to be able to give coal. There are so many families that are actually suffering keenly from the cold, especially in 'London Bridge.'"

"But we really can't do it. We would certainly need a great deal more money than is at our disposal to try to meet this need for coal." At night the Captain prayed most earnestly that God would come to their help, and he prayed that if in any way their service could be increased it might be added to them. He was a long time on his knees, and somehow, when he had finally said "Amen," and had slipped into his bed his heart was strangely comforted and he did not feel so much alone in his carrying of this burden of the poor.

The next morning at the breakfast table the Captain was preoccupied and silent. After a bit his wife noticed it. He laughed and said that his mind was

occupied with his troubles; then explaining himself he went on to say that he was still wrestling with the problem of providing coal for those families who were suffering for the lack of it.

"I only wish I had the wealth of some of these rich men who have so much they don't know what to do with it," he finished, and almost as he said it, what appeared to be a burst of sunshine spread over his face.

"I have it," he ejaculated, "I'm going to see Mr. Murray about it!"

The Nabob of Sardis

"Who is Mr. Murray?" asked his wife interestedly. "He's the nabob of Sardis. You have probably heard about him, but have forgotten it. He has only been home for the past few weeks. He has been in the Old Country all summer. He lives in that big mansion at the top of Cutler's Hill. The Murrays originally owned practically all the land on which the town of Sardis stands. When the town was built here their holdings were cut up into lots and sold, with an immense profit to them. This money was wisely invested, and, according to reports, has been growing ever since. They are the wealthiest people in this part of the country. This Mr. Murray is part of the second generation, but even at that he is not a young man. Strange I did not think of him before, for when I was going over the Corps books I saw he has given a \$100 each year towards our Christmas Hamper Funds."

"Do you think he will help?"

"I don't know, but I am at least going to give him the opportunity." When the Captain tried to get in touch with Mr. Murray he learned that he could only be seen by appointment. Getting into communication with Mr. Murray's secretary, an appointment was arranged for that afternoon. When the interview had been assured he found himself feeling a bit panicky. He had never before approached a man of such wealth and position, and the thought of the coming interview filled him with a sort of dread.

As he climbed the hill crowned by the imposing home of the Murrays, he lifted his heart to God for help and guidance. His pressure on the electric button that nestled beside the huge front door was not answered at once, but presently the door swung open to reveal a man servant who looked at him questioningly.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Murray," he explained to the man.

"Whom shall I say?" asked the servant, perceptibly warming.

"Tell him Captain Bristow, of The Salvation Army."

"Just step inside and have a seat, and I will tell him." The Captain entered and took the indicated seat in the long and spacious hall. In a few moments the man returned.

"You are to come this way, please," he said.

Leading the way down the hall and turning off into a smaller corridor that opened off from it, the butler paused before a closed door upon which he lightly rapped. A voice from within called a cheerful, "Come!" Opening the door he stood aside for the Captain to enter, and announced "Captain Bristow."

Sure of an interested hearing

The Captain found himself in a large room, apparently half office and half study. The fittings were dark, the woodwork a dark oak, and there were many rows of books lining the knave walls. At an immense table of lustrous oak sat a man who rose to greet him as he crossed the room. The man was gray and rather small. His hair was gray, his small clipped mustache was gray, his eyes were a shrewd gray, and he was garbed in a business suit of gray. He smiled as he extended his hand in greeting.

"Good afternoon, Captain Bristow; be seated, please."

The Captain, somewhat reassured by this warm welcome, sank into the chair across the table-desk from the gray man. There was something about his look that put him at ease at once. He somehow felt that he was going to get an interested hearing, whether he got anything else or not. He was wondering just how to approach the matter he had come about when Mr. Murray spoke.

"I don't think I have met you before, Captain Bristow?"

"No; I have only been in Sardis since last June.



You were away, I believe, when I came, and have been away most of the time since."

"That is true. I have only been home a few weeks. But, though I have not met you before, Captain, I've been hearing some things about you."

The young Captain was flustered at this and showed it. He wondered just what this quiet little man could have been hearing about him. He did not know just how to proceed.

"That was a sort of poser for you, wasn't it?" The little gray man appreciated the Captain's perturbation, and was now helping him out. "Yes; I've heard about you more than once. You know, Captain, you can't come into a little town like Sardis and do things without having the folks talk about you some. Particularly if you do the sort of things you've evidently been doing since the strike was declared. I'll confess the things I have heard about you have made me curious to meet you. Of course, some of the things I have heard I suppose are garbled, so please go ahead and tell me what you have really been doing. And he settled back comfortably to listen.

Encouraged, the Captain started in, and so sympathetic did his hearer seem that he found himself enthusiastically telling the things they had been doing to meet the greatly increased demands on their time and resources since the coming of the big strike. And as he talked the man across from him listened attentively, and the changing light in his gray eyes showed that he was missing nothing of the points made by the Captain. He was told of the awful conditions that had been found in "London Bridge," of the steps that had already been taken to meet as far as possible these conditions. When the younger man had finished his recital there was a silence for a moment or two. Then the man who had listened so quietly leaned forward a bit and said, "Will you please pardon a very personal question? I have heard something, and I would like very much to verify it."

A moment's embarrassed pause

"Ask anything you like," returned the Captain, "and if I can answer it I will be only too glad to do so."

"All right then," Mr. Murray leaned a little nearer and watched him closely as he went on, "I have been told that since the strike came you and your wife have only been taking half your allotted salary—a salary which, I believe, at best is not very large. Is that true?"

Captain Bristow felt his face flush hotly. How had this man heard that? They had not publicly let it be known what they were doing in this.

"Yes; that's true," he said, after a moment's embarrassed pause, "but that is not very much to do; you see, the need is so great, and we have so little to go on."

There was a warmer light in the kind gray eyes across from him, and the older man said kindly, "That is all right, but you know you will have to be careful, Captain. Youth does not know its limitations. You know it is possible for even youth to break down. You may do too much."

"Thank you, Mr. Murray," returned the Captain earnestly, "but it is not so much that I am doing as it is what I would like to do and am not able. This is likely to break me down before that. It is this that hurts."

A gleam of respect was added to the warmth of the kindly gray eyes. The owner of those eyes leaned back, and resting his hands upon the table between them, he said quietly, "All right, now; just what is it that you would like me to do?"

(To be continued)

SOLDIERS OF JESUS BE VALIANT AND STRONG

THE WAR CRY

THE SALVATION ARMY IS MARCHING ALONG

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, JULY 7th, 1925

No. 27

We Are Looking For You Fresh-Air Sunday - JULY 8th

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address: **MISSIOIN DEPARTMENT, 317-317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Equality" on envelope.**

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2117—Charles Rowland Humphreys. Age 41, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known occupation: transfer. Native of London; has not been heard of for some years. Sister anxious to hear from him.

2116—Charles Lester. Age 52, left England 19 years ago to come to Canada. Last known address: Stratford, Ont. Daughter is anxious to locate. Money has been left under his father's will.

2115—James George. Age 36, height 5ft. 4 in., black hair, brown eyes, dark complexion. Native of Belfast, Ireland. Last heard from at Princeton, B.C. Father anxious for news.

2114—John Wm. Walker and Wife. Pattern maker. Number in Prisoners Register, 11052, was re-admitted Feb. 26th, 1917, at age 25. Last known address: Vancouver B.C. Wife had dress-making business at First Avenue, Vancouver and went by name Madame Josephine. Aged father anxious to locate.

2113—George Holder. Age 53, height 6 ft., 2 in., light hair, grey eyes, ruddy complexion. When last heard from was farming on his own account. Native of Warwick, England. Brother wants to get in touch with him.

2112—Marlene Villierup. (Jack). Age 37, height 5 ft. 11 1/2 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion. American, mechanic, missing from Valley Mills. Wife anxious for news.

2111—Arthur Clark. Age 29, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes. When last heard from he was working on railway in Ontario.

2081—William Jardine. Age 42, height 5 ft., fair hair, fresh complexion. Native of Dumfriesshire, Scotland. Has been engaged in military life, also served with postal authorities and twice, the latter positions in Scotland. Father, who has not heard from son since 1922 is anxious to locate. (See photo)

2067—Frederick Chas. Butcher. Age 47, height 5 ft. 6 in., native of London. Engaged in farm work, last heard from at Melita, N.M. Brother seeks information concerning his whereabouts.

2118—Christmas Davies, otherwise known as Tommy Davies. Age 32, height 5 ft. 2 in., light colored hair, grey eyes, light complexion, farmer. Wife, native of Lincolnshire, sister extremely anxious for news. Please communicate with this office.

2105 James Young Campbell. Age 21, height 5 ft. 6 in., Scotch, fair hair, dark complexion, born in Finsley, Scotland. Sister Mary enquires.

2031—Frank Frederick Winter. Corporal No. R1899. Age 33, height 5 ft. 6 1/2 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of Nottingham, England. Late Canadian Army. Wife anxiously enquires.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Brother Murray—Sherbrooke St.
Last Friday afternoon many comrades and friends gathered at Bard's Park for the funeral service of Brother Murray, who was promoted to Glory the previous Wednesday. Major Oake and Staff-Captain Gray conducted the service.

On Sunday evening a beautiful Memorial Service was held, this being conducted by Major Oake, who spoke of the splendid Salvationism of our departed comrade. He told how he had married Brother and Sister Murray, and how he had been present in the Meeting when our brother knelt at the Mercy-Seat. C.S.M. Robson also spoke, paying high tribute to our comrade, telling of the long time he had known him. He thanked God for his honesty when he had failed, for a time, to put first things first. He was willing to acknowledge he was wrong. Captain Boyle spoke of visiting him during his last sickness, and of his assurance that he was only waiting for his Saviour to call him home. Mrs. Captain Boyle soloed "Face to face." The Band rendered "Jerusalem," and "Promoted to Glory." We praised God for three souls kneeling at the Mercy-Seat at the close of the Meeting, this making a total of four seekers for the day.

We extend deepest sympathy to Sister Mrs. Murray, and the family, including Bandsman Fred and Guard Annie. May God comfort and sustain them.—R.M.R.

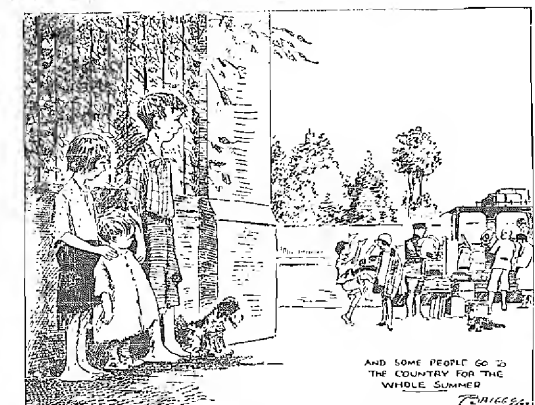
Sunday, July 8th, is to be observed throughout the Canada West Territory as Fresh-Air Sunday, and Special Collections towards The Army's Fresh Air Camp Fund will be taken at all Corps.

Commanding Officers are responsible to their Divisional Officers in this matter, and will act in accordance with instructions already received from Divisional Headquarters. The Commissioner is sure that all Soldiers and Friends will co-operate heartily in this effort.

It is impossible properly to express the delighted feelings of the mothers and children now enjoying summer life at the various Fresh-Air Camps of The Army. The first contingents are already in possession, and there are others appealing to be included in further companies. The generosity of our comrades and friends will surely provide the wherewithal for many such parties.

Think what it means to the worn-out, nerve-tired mother of a large family to move with her children from the hot, reeking tenement building, situated amidst the dust of the city street, to the cool, invigorating breezes at Sandy Hook near Winnipeg; Hopkins Landing near Vancouver, and other picturesque camp sites.

The tales of privation and household strain which we are constantly hearing are heart-breaking; the fact that for a few days at least the struggle



"When a feller needs a friend."

to provide even the barest necessities of life is removed in its itself a rest beyond word to those mothers. Our workers could tell some terrible stories of such conditions. Will you not help us to lift that burden, if only for a few days? Surely, you will.

Cannot you picture the little ones, often poorly fed, and clad, playing around in back lanes and garbage-lined yards? Transport them for a week or two to the Camp with its wonderful delights and then note the change. Oh, boy! Oh, joy! How glorious!

Now, honestly, wouldn't you like to feel that you had a hand in this business of bringing gladness and health in the "least of these?" You may—the privilege and pleasure are yours. Your contribution will be gratefully and gladly received on behalf of the Fresh Air Camp Fund by Lt.-Commissioner Chas. T. Rich, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Make out your cheque today!

"The evil that men do lives after them"

It is often said that Shakespeare is as "true as the Bible." Nobody would be inclined to quarrel with the truth of this oft-quoted statement, although it might not at first be apparent as having much to do with the affairs of The Salvation Army.

Have we not all hoped that we might be enabled so to order our lives that when we have journeyed on to "that home from which no traveller returns," we may leave behind us a legacy of a righteous name, a worthy record, and a measure of good for those who follow after.

How better can we do this than by giving heed to the Master's own injunction—"Lay up treasure in heaven?"

By making a Will and naming The Salvation Army as a Legatee, gaining thereby the satisfaction of knowing that we have done all in our power to perpetuate The Army's great work—a work which God has so signally honored and blessed in the past.

Any information or advice will be gladly furnished on application to—
Commissioner C. T. Rich,
317-319 Carlton Street,
Winnipeg, Man.

FORM OF REQUEST

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto The Governing Council of The Salvation

Army—Canada West, the sum of \$..... for my

property known as No..... in the City or Town of

..... to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army."

(If it is desired that the money be used for any particular branch of work it should be so stated.)

2115—David Johnstone. Age 30, height 5 ft. 8 in., wears a very heavy mustache. When last heard from he was in Calgary, about 1910. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Brother anxious to hear from him.

2093—Clara Freda Towle. Daughter of Lacie and Amy Towle, age would be 10 years, born 1913. Last known address was Strathcona, B.C. New Westminster, B.C. Anyone knowing whereabouts of this girl or her mother, please communicate with this office.

2106—Mrs. Lieutenant L. H. 17 years, age Sofia O. Terkila. Age 26, last heard from 1920 at Port Alberni, B.C. Brother-in-law residing on behalf of aged parents.

1918—Harry Davies. Age 53, height 5 ft. 5 in., medium brown hair, inclined to be bald on top. Last heard from at Jasper, Alberta. He also resided at Fairview near Oliver and Edmonton, Okanagan Valley, B.C. Brother-in-law enquires.

2109—Lima Folger. Age 35, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, occupation, bookkeeper. Last known address, Watburg, Canada. Father anxious for news.

2025—Thomas George Hopper. Age 49, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, grey eyes. Born near Farnley, Ont. Last heard from at Glacier, B.C. Sister enquires.

2047—Isaac A. Hutchinson. Last heard from in Vancouver when he returned there after the War. He lived at Prince Rupert before going overseas. Age 17 years. Sister anxious for the eye please communicate—sister lives in Seattle, Wash.

2008—Phillip William Phillips. Age 37, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark hair, dark brown eyes, dark, tanned complexion, native of St. Boniface, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

2110—Isak Gottfrid Backstrom. Born in Sweden, Finland, age about 40, tall, blue eyes, medium dark, worked in gold mine, left home about 1911, last heard of six years ago in Toronto, Canada, U.S.A. Sister anxious for news.

2008—Ole Olson Parkvann. Age 47, medium height, red hair, grey suit on eyes, last came to Canada in 1910, occupation, farmer. Brother anxious for news.

2054—James Tidley. Age 44, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown hair, turning grey; blue eyes; fair complexion.

2023—Per Olofson. Born in Sweden, height 5 ft. 8 in., grey eyes, 50 lbs. build, missing since 1912. Brother anxious for news.

2118—John Eds. Age 41, medium height, blue eyes, last heard from in 1924, near Vancouver, B.C., working on the railway. Brother in Sweden is very ill.

2082—John Kristian Sorenson. Age 29, average height, dark hair, blue eyes, last heard from, working on railway. Last known address, Farn, Alta. Brother enquires.

2099—William B. Brandt. Age 17 years of age, German, medium height, last heard from two years ago in Winnipeg. Wife is a domestic maid.

Thus with the Lord God: Behold, I, even I, will lead search my sheep, and seek them out. As a Shepherd seeks out his flock, so in the day that he is among his sheep, I will seek them out. I will seek them out that were lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken. These words were spoken by the Prophet Ezekiel to the children of Israel, and they are true today, so that it can well be said

God is Looking For You

To Scout and Guard Leaders and Others
WANTED

For Orderly and Sports Duties at The Army Fresh Air Camp, Sandy Hook, Man., young men and women who are qualified and willing to do such duties and able to give their services for a term of ten to fourteen weeks in return for free board and lodging and return rail from Winnipeg to Sandy Hook, are invited to make immediate application to the Commissioner. Applicants should give full particulars as to Corps, full name, age, sex, and age, and Life-Saving qualifications, etc. Letters to be marked "Camp Duty," and addressed to the Commissioner Rich, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Portable Underwood Typewriter for sale—Forty Dollars. Machine in good condition, nearly new. Apply to the care of the Editor, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Over four thousand helpful individuals have been saved by The Army's Camp for Beggars in London during the six years it has been in existence. All the helpers at the camp were former inmates of the hospital, and who were afterwards taught to work.

SPECIAL .S.

BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

